

# **take a sad song and make it better by milevenmirkwood**

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**Summary:**

"What the hell are you looking at?" she snapped.

Mike was taken aback, but the shock was quickly replaced with anger. This girl falls flat on her ass and dares to snap at him.

"I think I'm looking at klutz." he said, rising to his feet.

"Well looks like I'm looking at a crybaby." she countered back.

## **take a sad song and make it better**

### **Author's Note:**

My first fic in a while, but this I've been working on this for a while. I'm sorry that this isn't really a Mileven story but I hope you all like it regardless! See ya at the end <3

Mike Wheeler walked alongside his bike, head downcast to shield the world from the tears about to spill. It was a day like any other day. The guys asked him if he wanted to study at the library and then grab milkshakes after school, to which he declined lying about an upcoming project due. He went the long way to Mirkwood to avoid running into his friends or worse them following him. Mike spent hours searching, looking for anything out of place or different. In the past few months, he grew to know the forest like the back of his hand. Nothing was ever different, never any changes.

Mike's breathing grew more and more shallow, the street closing in on him, the clouds that hung high getting closer and closer. He couldn't take it anymore. Mike slammed his bike down on the sidewalk and sat on the curb. He hugged his knees, sobs racking through his entire body. It wasn't fair. It wasn't fair. He should have done something, anything. He just sat there.

He let her die.

*"Mike will you get over it already?! She's dead! We all saw it! Can't you just be happy Will's back? He's been back and all you've been talking about is El!* Lucas said.

One day Mike will be grateful for Lucas's no-nonsense attitude, but for now it just Mike quake with anger. Mike buried his head between his knees, digging his nails into his skin to feel anything. After taking a few deep breaths, he finally calmed down.

Mike heard the rhythmic rolling on the pavement and looked up. He saw a red headed girl skateboarding on the other side of the street staring at him. Quickly wiping away his tears, he watched as the girl

hit an uneven block of sidewalk, causing her to fall forward roughly. The girl grabbed her left knee, wincing. She looked up at Mike, face growing hot.

"What the hell are you looking at?" she snapped.

Mike was taken aback, but the shock was quickly replaced with anger. This girl falls flat on her ass and dares to snap at him.

"I think I'm looking at klutz." he said, rising to his feet. "Well looks like I'm looking at a crybaby." she countered back.

Before Mike could say anything, the girl got up and walked away with her skateboard in hand. Mike grabbed his bike and walked home, still irritated.

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"Everyone I have an announcement to make. Let's give a warm Hawkins Middle welcome to Maxine." Mr. Clarke said the next day.

Mike looked up from his book and eyes widened. Her.

"I go by Max." she said.

"Sorry. Max. Please take a seat wherever you'd like." Mr. Clarke said.

Max searched the room for an empty seat, eyes falling on Mike and one of the few empty seats in the class. Her eyes widened and Mike fought the urge to glare at her. Now more than ever did Mike wish that he had a friend in the class. Max walked past him and took the empty seat next to Troy, making Mike snort.

"So where are you from, cutie? Let me guess heaven." Troy said and Mike coughed to cover up his laughing.

"Are you a natural red-head?" "Do you have freckles everywhere? Freckles are cute." It got so bad, Mike had to put his head down to not draw attention to his laughs.

Mike finally calmed down and started to take notes again. Halfway through the class however, Mike was both surprised and annoyed to

see that Max had moved her things to the empty seat next to him.

"What are you doing?" Mike asked as she sat down next to him.

"Max? Is there a problem?" Mr. Clarke asked.

"No problem. I just had a little trouble concentrating before. Too loud," she said, putting on a sweet smile. Mr. Clarke nodded and turned his back to continue the lesson.

"And jackass-y." she whispered, turning slightly to look at Troy and his friends. Mike felt the corners of his mouth pull up involuntarily.

"Look just cause we sit together doesn't mean we have to like each other." she whispered to him. Mike shrugged and continued to take notes.

"Can I borrow your other notes? I couldn't hear over dumb and dumber back there." she asked and Mike sighed.

"Sure." he said, sliding the piece of paper over to Max. She started to copy the notes when she sat her pen down to close to the edge of the desk, causing it to roll off and onto the desk. Max reached down and Mike look to see her shirt rose up, exposing purple blotches and bruises on her sides and lower back. She noticed his gaze and pulled her shirt down, glaring.

"Can I help you, perv?" Mike quickly turned back to his work and the two didn't say anything for the rest of the class. When the bell rung, Max muttered a thanks and left quickly. The rest of the day went by slow as usual. At 1:35, he went to lunch only to realize their was an additional person at the usual lunch table.

"You've got to be kidding me." Mike said to no one in particular, making his way over to the table.

"Hey Mike. This is-" Dustin started.

"Max. You guys know each other?" Mike asked, sitting down.

"Yeah Max and I are both in drama." Dustin answered and Mike snorted. She did not at all seem like the theater type.

"Shut up! I'm only taking it because... wait why am I even bothering explaining?" Max said, sneering at Mike.

"No clue." Mike countered back, taking a bite out of his PB & J. The guys looked at each other, before Dustin cleared his throat loudly.

"How-" Dustin started.

"Do you guys know each other?" Lucas finished.

"We're in the same biology class." Mike said, holding back an 'unfortunately.'

"I went to sit next to him when some douchebags started to annoy me." Max explained.

"Troy and James." Mike clarified.

"You just gotta ignore them." Will spoke up, eating an apple slice.

"A little too late for that. He was like 'Hey cutie does the carpet match the drapes?' and I said 'What a coincidence I heard someone ask your mom the same thing.'" Max finished, taking a bite of her pizza.

Mike stared at her with wide eyes, Lucas dropped his fork with a loud clank and Dustin froze from taking a bite of his own pizza.

"You did not say that." Lucas said and Max shrugged causally.

"I don't get it." Will said, frowning in confusion.

"You'll get it when you're older." Dustin said, ruffling Will's coconut head.

They all shared a laugh as Will lightly pushed him away and smoothed out his hair. Mike looked over at the red headed girl in slight disbelief. Max met his gaze and rolled her eyes playfully before taking a sip of her chocolate milk. Then they turned at the sound of a flirtatious whistle.

Troy and James walked past with their lunch trays.

"Hey cutie. Got a seat for you right here." Troy called, playfully cupping himself and gathering the attention of everyone.

"Last time I sat in a seat that small, it was my high chair." Max shot back without skipping a beat.

Everyone around started to laugh and Troy's face fell as he flushed, walking away quickly. Max looked up and laughed at the shocked expressions on the boys faces.

"What?" she asked with a smile. They all finished up their lunch and all but Max and Mike hurried to discard their trash and head to their next period.

Max didn't care about being late and Mike didn't either, already practically failing his next class.

"Field hockey." Max said suddenly as she and Mike made their way to the trashcans.

"What?" Mike asked, dumping his tray.

"What you saw. I played field hockey at my old school." Max explained. Mike paused to look up at the girl's eyes. It was so sudden he almost missed it.

A fleeting look of desperation that made his heart drop. He noticed that she had froze almost, as if nothing in the world mattered than his response.

"Cool." Mike said simply, not knowing what else to say. Max, although she hoped it wasn't obvious, visibly relaxed and dumped her own tray. The two discarded their trays and left the cafeteria. Mike looked at Max briefly and though he didn't particularly like the girl, he felt as if he needed her around. For his sake and hers.

"If you're gonna... you know hang around us, you should know that those guys make fun of us. A lot." Mike said, looking everywhere but at Max.

"Why don't you just stand up for yourself?" she asked, blindly following Mike as she had no idea the layout of the school.

"It's not that easy, y'know. They can beat up on us, not like you."

Max was silent and the two walked in a surprisingly comfortable silence before Max spoke up. "Do you know where room 211 is?"

**Author's Note:**

So here's that. Like I said I'm sorry it's not super mileveny, but here's a little glimpse between their goodbye and reunion. At first I was a little iffy about Max and then I was like "why the hell would Mike automatically get with Max" so now I'm just excited to see her introduction especially if it's her defending boys from bullies. I'm done now :D

If you guys liked this please let me know with a kudos or comment as they are always appreciated.